

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.



PETER THE GREAT AND THE YOUNG CATHARINA, AFTERWARDS EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

PETER THE GREAT AND CATHARINA ALEXOWNA.

(See Large Engraving.)

Most people have heard of Peter the Great of Russia. Before his time, Russia—Muscovy as it was then called—was a place of no great importance. He made it what it had never been before, extending the boundaries of his territory by the force of his arms, and elevating the condition of the people by the introduction of the Arts and of Peace. In order that he might make himself thoroughly familiar with ship building, he worked as an ordinary labourer in an English dockyard. Such a man might well deserve to be called Great. But the glory of his reign was marred by many acts of despotic cruelty. His strong self-will often led him into extravagant actions, and on those who fill under his displeasure he had no mercy. One person, and one only, could dare to intercede with any hope of success; one voice only could dissuade from an act of contemplated vengeance—one hand, only, could stay his hand, or soothe him when roused to passionate indignation. This one person was his wife. Not by the assumption of superiority, not by sharp rebukes, nor open opposition, did the wife of Peter the Great induce her savage lord to act with humanity. It was her gentleness that won him. And this is a useful lesson for all. It is the soft answer which turns away wrath. Who was this Catharina, wife of the Czar Peter, that she should lead this lion of the wilderness captive at her will? A simple peasant girl—a slave—there was nothing in her condition to call for consideration. It was all in her disposition, her sweet temper and abiding gentleness.

In the accompanying picture we have represented Peter's first interview with his future wife, and here we may introduce her story, as described by Oliver Goldsmith:

"Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina, the old woman would sit by some good book of devotion. When the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by the fireside, and enjoy their frugal meal. Though Catharina's face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed on her mind. Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, vigorous, and serene understanding, but with a natural bent to the serious and solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused—for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

"Catharina was fifteen years old when her mother died. She then left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed in her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character meekness and surprising vivacity. The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in the elegant parts of female education, by the masters who attended the rest of his family. This she continued to improve, till he died; by which accident she was reduced to her former poverty. The country of Livonia was in a merciless state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy on the poor; therefore, Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the horrors of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of great plenty.

"With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region miserably by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way. One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the wayside, to take up her lodging for the night, she was haunted by two Swedish soldiers. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a snail-herd officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but their rudeness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recognised in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend. This was a happy interview for Catharina. The little stock of money she had brought from home, was by this

time exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had so detained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, furnished with what he could spare, to buy her clothes; parted her with a horse; and gave her letters of recommendation to a faithful friend of her father's, the superintendent of Marienburgh.

"The beautiful stranger was well received at Marienburgh; she was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters; and, though but seventeen, showed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but in politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that many thought himself in a short time offered her his hand, which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disgraced by wounds he had received in the service. In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her hand, which he accepted with joy; and their nuptials were accordingly solemnized. But all the lines of her former passion were so striking. The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh. The unhappy soldier was immediately ordered to an attack, from which he never returned.

"In the meantime the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. The war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison but almost all the inhabitants were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven. She had hitherto been poor, but free. She was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn to be content with the lot of a slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and, though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzickoff, the Russian general. He desired to see her; was pleased with her appearance—brought her to the soldier, her master; and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

"She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dried fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw her, and was struck with her beauty. He returned her several questions; and found the charms of her mind superior even to those of her person. He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately directed his thoughts to the fair Livonian, who was not yet twenty. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design. The nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince declaring to his courtiers that virtue was the properst ladder to a throne.

"We now see Catharina, raised from the low, mud-walled cottage, to the empire of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her good fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more. She ever after retained that great and quieting influence which first placed her on a throne; and the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses; introduced mixed assemblies; insisted an order of female knighthood, and sought to enlighten the minds of her countrywomen, and she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all."

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY.—If that which we possess is useless to us, but would be useful to others; or if, in other hands, it would be put to a better use, or if, in our hands, we should not be unwilling to dispense with it, either entirely or in part. The superfluity which we enjoy, is a fund placed in our possession by the Author of good works, for suitable investment; and, by the proper management and application of it, we may gain the praises of all men, and the blessings of heaven. "The talent of dung good" was the motto of a Portuguese prince, who himself must have been good. And "certainly," says Lord Bacon, "it is heaven on earth, to have a man's mind move in charity."

GOOD MINDS AND PURE HEARTS.—What pleasure and profit is there in conversing with good minds, and holding communion with pure hearts? It is the strength of a beauty had met together, and truth and righteousness had kissed each other.

WHAT IS SAVING?

Every working woman is aware that it is her positive duty to make the money, earned either by herself or husband, go as far as possible. But this is the very kind of knowledge in which the wives of working men are peculiarly deficient. Some women have scarcely an idea of the true meaning of economy; a great many other words go to compound this necessary virtue in the working-man's wife—self-denial, self-restraint, order, neatness, judgment; when to spare and when to give. You should never grudge any means to render your home happy. A good husband will always bring home his entire earnings to his wife. Nay! had ones will mostly give her the money to lay out for the family provision. You are expected to understand marketing, and the art of buying food, and of judging of it before you buy; in short, you are supposed to know how to make money go as far as possible. These are arts which *should* form the principal part of every working-woman's education. I fear it very rarely does. Working-men labour hard, but it comes more hard than labour to see the money earned by the sweat of their brows, and the wear and tear of their strength, squandered and wasted by an unthrifty woman. It is vicious habits quite out of the question. You may not, working wives, love intemperance; you may even forego the half-pint of beer which you often fancy good for you, and necessary to your strength, and yet for want of proper knowledge, you may waste your husband's money quite as sadly as if you drank, or spent it in unwholesome amusements. And not only do you waste the money, but the food as often, which that scanty part of the money has purchased. In the first place, there is nothing lost in buying the best meat, if you can afford meat at all; and your husband had better forego his beer, than a good, wholesome bit of meat for his dinner. Both the fat and lean of bad meat waste so rapidly in the cooking, that a small piece of meat becomes diminished to a speck. Good meat, on the contrary, plumps out, and looks to the eye, when cooked, larger than when bought. Again, a bad economist errs greatly in her mode of cooking.

There are many cheap parts of meat unfit for roasting, boiling, or frying; which, if gently stewed, will be nourishing and satisfying. Now, you frequently choose the hard, crusty, bony pieces of meat for Sunday's dinner. All the skill in the world could neither bake nor roast this meat so as to be succulent and tender; but, as it is, it comes from the kitchen like a piece of unmarketed parchment. Moreover there is not the smallest portion of dripping ever arrives home with it; the journeyman-baker takes care of his perquisites, rely on it, suppose it is a rule in the baking trade, and considered to be fair enough by the men, as many mean, dishonest things are considered in the language of the world to be fair. But it is a sad tax on the dimmers of the working people, especially in these dear times, to abstract any part of the food from the household, and their little children, many of whom never taste meat but once a week. It would be a better thing if people could manage to like cold dinners on the Sabbath. Many would rest thereby, who now labour on that day which the Lord gave for man's repose, and few would feel much difference, seeing that they could eat a hot dinner on the Saturday, at least in most cases, for wages are paid earlier now by the majority of employers. Then, again, there are the chandler's shops, where, it is said, shopkeepers sell the worst goods at the highest prices; invariably the bad economist frequents these places, and for what reason do you think? Simply because, perhaps, the Chandler's shop is near her, and the better ones are a shilling or two off, or because she can get credit at her pet shop

if she runs short. Ah! that credit, dear friends, is the most evil thing, the greatest curse—that calls itself a blessing—the poor man and his family can know. Not only do many shopkeepers of this class practise adulteration of their goods, but they too often are found deficient in their weights and measures, and you dare not complain, or you would lose your credit. Remember that credit, which is your hate, enriches them.

Practice, then, that true economy which, while it yields you the fullest return for your money, will also enable you to have something in reserve for the hour of sickness or distress, and which will also enable you to bestow, without defrauding your own family, a penny on the poor outcast, or the slice of bread and cup of tea on the fellow-creature who hungers and thirsts. Remember, it is not economy, but avarice, that hardens the heart to charity and love.

If, in spite of your heartiest efforts, misfortune should come, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have, at least, striven to do your duty; and trouble, when it arrives, will sit lighter than if the knowledge weighed on your heart, that in your day of prosperity you had been guilty of thoughtless waste, neglect, and improvidence.

A LOVE SONG.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.
(Recently addressed to his wife from Hull.)

Over the space which parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song;
Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
On its arch, unseen but strong.

'E'en as the stream forgets not the sea,
But hastes to the ocean's breast,
My constant soul flows onward to thee,
And finds in thy love its rest.

The swallows must plume their wings to greet
Now summers in lands afar;
But, dwelling at home with thee, I meet
No winter my year to mar.

The wooer his new love's name may wear
Engraved on a precious stone;
But in my heart thine image I wear—
That heart has been long thine own.

The glowing colours on surface laid
Wash out in a shower of rain;
Thou needst not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed in grain.

And as every drop of Garuda's lake
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue,
So all the powers of my mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dewdrops of dawning love
Exhale in the day grows old,
And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old.

But mine for thee from the chambers of joy,
With strength came forth as the sun;
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
For ever its course shall run.

All earthborn love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return;
What God hath kindled shall death outrage,
And in heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock tie
Our union to Christ we feel,
Uniting bonds which were made on high
Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though He who chose us all world's before,
Must reign in our hearts alone,
We fondly believe that we shall adore,
Together before His throne.
(From the "Sword and Trowel.")

PROMISES AND PROMISING THINGS.—Promising things are of less value even than promises. We assign to them an arbitrary importance without their possessing the sanction of any positive pledge, and the deception on our parts is voluntary. But we are deceived in promises, when our own sense of truth is superior to the integrity of those who violate it, and the infatigable may injure or provoke us, but they are certainly complimentary to the rectitude of our principles; provided we always bear in mind, not to occasion any mistakes in the hopes and assurances which we ourselves give to others.

WILLIE'S SISTER; OR, LOVING AND WORKING.

It was a poor, little room; all around, like a hand-writing on the wall, were the desolate signs of a drunkard's home. Oo the bed lay the father, and, alas! the mother; sleeping off the night's debauch. The room would have been utterly repulsive, but that, near the window, bathed in the fresh morning light, stood a little child; such a child—an emperor might have coveted for on her the erect little figure, with dimpled hands clasped behind his back, stood looking out, with a waiting look in his great beautiful eyes, as though, for them, the fulness of the morning had not yet come; presently they changed, a wonderful light broke over the face; and the curved, rosy lips parted with a low, satisfied cry of "My sister!" A girl about fourteen entered the room with the smit rushing step of one who had walked far and fast; she came straight to the child, as though she instinctively sought a spot of light; gathering him in her arms, she bent over him, "My pet, my love, my darling!"—he looked up in her face, and said, "It is morning now."

"Somebody asked me to-day what my name was, and I was nearly saying 'Morning!'"

"Ah; but nobody must call you that—only me; that is my own name for you, you know, Cis."

"Yes, you jealous boy, nobody shall!" then, in a different tone, holding him a little from her, she said, "Why, you rogue, you are washed."

"Yes, I thought we would have more time together, so I got into the tub in the washhouse; I'm clean, isn't I?"

"Clean! yes, my Willie." The moist curls were kissed, and also the little bare foot that was held out for inspection; then, with a quick, sorrowful look, she said, diving into her pocket, "I've only a crust for you to-day, dear; Misses would stop in the kitchen, and I had to eat all my breakfast—it nearly choked me."

"Never mind, I'm not very hungry," said Willie, cheerily; but the way in which the crust disappeared contradicted him: when it was gone his sister said, "I gave you the bad news first, now for the good—what do you think it is?" He laughed up in her face, a pleasant little laugh of vague expectation. "I've got a new place," she said.

"Instead of this one?"

"No—as well; Mistress's laundress met me to-day, and asked me whether all my time was filled up; I said no, Misses always lets me home by six o'clock, besides running in at meal times to see to you, and you could almost do for yourself now, we were getting such a big boy."

"Such a big boy!" repeated four-year-old Willie, triumphantly.

"So she said if I liked to come from six to ten, and help with the coarse things, she would give me five shillings a week; and I get six now—so only fancy, Willie boy—eleven shillings a week;—we'll be keeping our carriage soon!"

"Yes," said Willie, "a green carriage with gold on it."

"And a spotted dog to run behind."

"And I have time for dinner every day, won't we? Oh, Cis! how nice!"

Willie clapped his hands at the good fortune, present and to come; his sister went on: "And, Willie, as we may have to wait for the carriage a long while!"

"Oh! a long while, hundreds of years," said Willie, contentedly.

"So I thought we would just have one treat to-night; I shall be paid this afternoon, and we'll go out and buy—what?"

"What?"

"A pair of boots for Willie, and a little coat; and, a pen'north of cockles for supper."

"Oh, Cis! all them; you never can, you never, never can!"—said Willie, with a little low laugh of delight.

"I can, though—shan't we have six shillings? and we will enjoy ourselves; because it will be our last evening together."

"Our last evening together," repeated Willie, in sorrowful resignation.

"But only cockles, Willie—cockles for supper;" and Willie looked cheerful as his sister ran off to what she called her charring.

Surely never did little woman work so hard as Willie's sister did that day; scrubbing and rubbing and brushing;—the spiders had no chance of a comfortable life where she was; the mice declared she was worse than a cat, for she left them never a crumb to pick up;—as for the beetles, they emigrated

to disgust,—quite starved for want of a bit of dirt to feed on.

After a day's work that would have contented most people, Willie's sister came home; re-washed him and herself; she was a great woman for washing—and prepared for the evening's holiday.

First, they went to buy Willie's coat, which was hanging outside a pawnbroker's window, marked two shillings.

"It's a great deal of money," said Willie.

"Well, I wonder what people would have?" said the pawnbroker; "a ready-made paleot for two shillings!"

"We've only got six shillings to buy everything with, Sir," said Willie's sister, gently.

"Poor little things! well, you may take it for one—and nine."

"Oh, thank you, Sir." The two went off in great glee—three-pence saved!

"Praps we might have two pen'north of cockles," suggested Willie.

"Better buy a bigger bit of bacon," said his sister, "that will last us all the week, you know,"—so the cockle temptation was resisted, and the few tasted all the sweeter.

How happy we are—how happy we are," sang Willie that night, and many nights after; but by and bye Winter came, and brought trouble with it.

First, the laundress, having less washing, no longer employed Willie's sister; then, her mistress, whose circumstances had improved, discharged her for a regular servant; then came a hard time for the two: little Willie managed to earn sixpence a week, by nursing a baby, and for a fortnight this was all they had to live upon; the mother had deserted her home altogether, and the father was out drinking; every morning Willie, kneeling at his sister's knee, said, "Pray God give us dinner to-day, and keep us from sin." She, his sister, was more like night than morning now, with her pale face and shadowy, dark eyes, that still lit up with a moonlight brightness for Willie.

One bitter evening, she was returning from an unsuccessful search after work, when a man stopped her and said, "Would you like five shillings?"

"Five shillings—it would feed them for days, and Willie was getting so thin!" she hesitated, and the man went on.

"Come with me, and you shall have it." He laid his hand on her shoulder—she looked up into his face—she cried, "Feed Willie with tainted money! No!" and fled.

That night Willie's prayer was, "Pray God, if we must starve, take us to heaven quick; for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

Thirty years after, there had been a friendly meeting of the Governors of an Orphan School, at the house of one of their number;—all the guests had gone, except a special friend of the host, who remained chatting; presently he said, "What a fine face your sister has! so strong and so calm."

"It suits her nature," said his host; "did I ever tell you our history?"

"No, I should like to hear it."

"Well, we two were more than orphans; our father a drunkard, our mother worse; my sister was ten years older than me, and she loved me with all the force of a passionate nature, that had no other outlet; working—how that little creature did work! teaching me to read and write in meal times; how she contrived to learn I can't imagine; then, when she was old enough, going out as a servant, sending me to school, and afterwards apprenticing me out of her wages."

"Did you have any money left to you?"

"Never a shilling; but of course, with a sister like that, one could not be an idler; no boy in the warehouse worked like me; I got noticed and promoted—made a partner at length; by that time, Cis, God bless her, came to live with me; my mother died years ago—my father not long after; we took care they should not want. Now our income is a thousand a year—she shall yet have the carriage I need to promise her, the dear old Cis,—without the spotted dog, though—they have gone out of fashion."

As the guest went home, he said to himself, "Working and loving, that is a good motto for a life; many a boy would rise, if he had such a helper as Willie's sister."

SADIE.

VANITY IN WELL-DOING.—It is proper to have the consciousness of having done well; but it is the height of vanity to wish to be informed of it, and thus to place self-love before self-denial, and good opinion above good deeds. Praise is like paint, a little embellishes; too much disfigures.

The British Workwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO DEAR ON THE MOTHERS, WOULD EFFECT A GREATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET BEEN DONE."—*Earl Shaftesbury.*

A NEW VOLUME.

The present number commences a new volume of the **BRITISH WORKWOMAN**. We are sure our kind friends will all wish us "many happy returns of the day," and bid us "God speed." We hope to receive many more welcomes than were awarded us even last year,—our strong desire is to make friends of our readers, and thus secure their kindly and cordial co-operation. Whether we have succeeded thus far they shall be the judges,—whether we shall succeed in the future, time will show. But we wish to renew our pledges, and again promise to spare no pains to make our monthly visitor as attractive and as useful as possible, so that our new volume shall be also our best, and most welcomed in those dear old English homes,—places in which we covet constantly.

A new volume! What *may* be in it, whose brains shall con the written lore, whose hands shall direct the pen,—who may know? Who may write and who read, is, at present, among the uncertainties.

But there are other new volumes than those of periodicals. Every month is one. We open it as it comes from the Almighty Author's hand; but as leaf by leaf is turned, we cannot know of the contents of the next,—only the present. What dark or bright scenes may be depicted there, what gladness or sadness, who may tell, until they are really before our eyes? Is not every day of our lives an unknown, a sealed book?

But in these new volumes we have all to be writers. Our hands must fill the pages, it rests with ourselves very much indeed whether we shall make them fair and pleasant to the eyes of others, or whether they shall be spotted and darkened by the carelessness or unskilfulness of the writer.

Let us aim to make our volumes—whether monthly or yearly—as fair as good deeds and kind words, and honourable thoughts can make them. Day by day let us remember that our volume will be a lasting one. "Deeds

remain." Let us not be indifferent as to their results.

The parts of our new volume which are written by our Father in heaven, are perfectly pure, and good, and just, and kind. We need not trouble about them, only let our own work be well done, and He will not withhold the blessing.

ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES.

WE have a good list, and a long one of British Workwomen. Many noble names are among them, many names well known and honoured by the world; names of whose companionship we are justly proud; names that make old England yet more great, yet more highly respected,—names that are dear to us, and will be as long as we are living in the land of honest

idle life, and when the flush of youth and health was upon her, she might well have put to the blush many an indolent young lady, who thinks it genteel and aristocratic to dwindle away her days between flirtation and novel-reading. For the Queen was a model *home-woman*. She did not keep all her goodness and industry for exhibition to strangers, but she had, and has still, that noble characteristic of a good woman,—those who know her best love her most, not only because she is Queen, but because she is an honest, honourable, industrious Workwoman. All honour to such a Queen! She cannot be too dear to stalwart English hearts. She cannot be too highly valued by her happy subjects; whose prayer may well arise daily that she may long live to grace the throne that is honoured by so estimable a lady. Most assuredly it will be a sad day for England when she shall be summoned home to her fathers. May God in his mercy very long avert that

great calamity. Still it is very gratifying to know that another lady, in her youth and beauty, in the innocence and gladness of her bright spring-tide of life, is treading in the same steps and honouring the same scenes. She whom we have all learned to love,

"Our Dane with the beautiful eyes,"

is earning for herself the praise and the esteem which Englishmen have been proud to lay at the feet of her lady-mother. It is plain to see that she has no intention to be a drone in the busy hive of our nation of workers. Already she has done much, and we are very greatly mistaken if she will not do much more to bring her nearer and dearer to all honest hearts.

She is a Workwoman of the best kind. For her works are for the general good. Who but reverences her kindness during her visit to the London Hospital, when she distributed among the patients, sick and weary, some of the flowers she had just received; and, better still, and in greater profusion, her bright and sunny smiles. Then, her name is already immortalized in our midst by the Alexandra Orphanage, which will rear its noble head for generations to come, bringing fresh glory to the beloved name of our Princess. Many other kind deeds and good have borne the name—now a household-word

among us—*Alexandra*. We are sure that many will look upon her portrait (which graces this page) and love her.

And Workwomen in lower, if scarcely less important positions, may well be glad to have so bright an example to follow. They cannot all found Orphanages, but they can all give



hearts and willing hands. These were enumerated in our first impression, published November 1863, in a paper entitled, "Who are British Workwomen?" First on the list we were proud to have our beloved Queen—than whom there is not a more earnest and devoted Workwoman in all her dominions. Hers is, even now, no

away a flower to some sick person, with kindly words as accompaniments. They can all do their life-work well, whatever it may be; they can all be Princesses in their own homes, dispensing right royally the gifts of love and attention and devotion.

And we are proud to know that they do. "British Workwoman" is a name which our sisters have made honoured and honourable wherever it is heard. Whether employed as mothers, in the management of home, as professional or tradewomen, in whatever department they may be engaged, there are many whose high aim is to do their duty thoroughly toward God and man and themselves.

And now, at the commencement of another Volume of "THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN," perhaps we cannot do better than re-echo the wish expressed in the first number:—May our Workwomen, be they old or young, rich or poor, be esteemed and appreciated as they deserve. Wherever is found a humble, devoted, earnest woman, God bless her, and make her a blessing to all around her.

M. F.

THE HELM OF A GREAT SHIP.

"Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth."

This is what the Bible says about ships, and it is true. The Bible takes notice of very little things often, and teaches us not only to mind little matters, not to "despise the day of small things," but teaches us, also, that sometimes on a very slender thread hang all the issues of life and death—our state here, and our condition for eternity.

Now, a word or two about these words of St. James (iii. 3—5) as they apply to us women. He says, "Behold we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Now, here is something for us women, for British workwomen: wives, mothers, and sweethearts—all of us. Here is the helm of a great ship. The tongue is, indeed, a very small member, yet it is the helm of the whole body; a man's and a woman's whole character is affected by the licence which he or she gives it on the one hand, and the care they take to riddle it on the other.

Now, we all know we are fond of a little chat now and then, a little gossip one with another; and not a bad thing either—better people than us do so, and no harm comes of it, if it be done in a proper way.

Here are two similitudes to teach us how to use our helm, so as to direct our ship properly; to show how, what seems small and insignificant has often the greatest power for good or evil. The strength of a horse is far greater than the strength of a man, yet when a bit is put into his mouth, he is turned by what seems so powerless and insignificant, and his whole body turned at the will of the rider.

In like manner, the helm is a very small part of a ship; yet, whatever be the bulk of the vessel, it obeys the helm or rudder, and is "turned about whithersoever the governor listeth." The helm seems to have power even over the fierce winds by which the ship is driven, for it enables the "governor" to direct the course of the vessel notwithstanding the violence of the winds. So the tongue is a little member, and instead of our always keeping it under, and in subjection, instead of our mastering it, our tongue sometimes gets the upper hand, and conquers us, swaying and directing the course of our whole body. Now this is all the more important to us, because "women" have the credit of being very great talkers—not that we think they are so, a bit more than the men, but they have the character for it.

How important, then, that they should not betray themselves; the tongue is a little member, it is but a little fire, and yet how great a matter will it kindle. How much mischief is done by tittle-tattle, a few words dropped here, and a few there—what great consequences come of it sometimes. More mischief

is done by a few words in this way, than a whole lifetime of straightforward speaking could undo.

See, here is an example: there is Mrs. A., she lives in a little room, with her husband, down that street. She has no children to trouble her all day long, and when once her morning's work is done, she has done for the day, until her husband comes home at night. Now, as it happens, two doors from her lives Mrs. B., and she has not only a husband, but a family of seven children; and slave from morning till night, work as hard as she and her husband will, it is as much as they can do to keep the wolf from the door. Now Mr. B. is a very steady, sober man, while Mr. A. is not always home to his time, though he has some little faces to welcome him things might be different; but Mrs. B. is a thoughtful and careful manager and a good woman, yet is fond now and then of a little gossip—and when busy cleaning up the room, and cleaning the few bits of things of an afternoon, will often have a neighbour drop in to see her and have a chat while she works.

Here comes the mischief. Mrs. B. tells her friend next door, one afternoon, confidentially, of course she says, "What a pity it is Mr. A. spends so much time of a night away from home? It is so lonely for Mrs. A. I'm sure—she has got her mothers' meeting once a week—but that only makes her feel more lonely at home. Poor thing, if she'd only got one or

strangers. Ah! Mary, you should not listen to your friend's unbridled tongue. And William, if you had kept a watch over your lips, those harsh, unkind words had never been spoken,—this mischief had never happened.

Now, this is what gossip does. It turns the helm the wrong way, and then the ship goes a bad course. It is so much easier to say something bad of persons, than to praise them, and to speak good of them.

Oh! let us all, then—sweethearts, wives, and mothers—be very careful for the future, not to let our tongue run away with us. We are most of us "workers"—mind we don't get "talkers." We are all "British Workwomen" in one sense or another; let us take care of our young men, let us choose them so wisely that they shall make us good husbands; and then, as wives and mothers, we shall have happiness at home, and very little need to talk about the affairs of our neighbours.

God has taught us (Matt. xii. 36) that for every idle word we shall give "account thereof in the day of judgment." Let us every one reflect on what we say, then; for we all, for the most part, take little account of our words—think well for the future, of what may be the consequences of such and such a speech. What effect will it have, will it do good or injury? And, above all, are we satisfied that God approves of what we are saying? That is the best standard. Speak of others as you would like them to speak of you; and then you will have the true government of the tongue, which is the sure test of character, both for sincerity and truth. A. K. C.

THE CHANGE, AND HOW IT WAS EFFECTED.

It has often been said that if our higher classes would but take an interest in their workpeople, they would be amply rewarded in entwining around them the affections of the poor; and further, if our workmen's wives would but take care to have their husband's food ready, and their homes comfortable, that is, clean and tidy, there would be, comparatively speaking, no drunkenness. The following incident will illustrate these truths:—

A short time ago, a poor washerwoman went to her work one day with a sad heart, and a scowl upon her face. Her mistress, who was a Christian lady, not in name only, but also in mind and action; noticing the miserable appearance of the woman, she asked her what was the matter. The kindness of tone, and her sympathetic enquiries (peculiar to kind and well-learned ladies), opened the flood-gates of her heart. It appeared that she and her husband had been quarrelling, and that "Jack" had threatened to kick her out of the house on his return home.

"Now, Mary," said the lady, "what time does Jack leave off work?"

"Quarter to six," replied Mary.

"And what time does your little girl come from school?"

"Four o'clock, as she takes her dinner with her."

"Very well, Mary, you shall finish your work here by two o'clock. I shall want you then to go home and look into every corner of your house. I shall wish you to clean the fire-irons, to wash the floor and windows, to whitened the door-step, to wash yourself, and, above all, to have John's tea ready for him, and—"

"What av' that, for that man; av'm' sure av' never will,—he said he'd kick me lute (out) 'oth hise (house) when he coom whom."

With a considerable amount of persuasion, Mary at length consented to try "this once." She did set the house straight, and washed the windows, &c., and when her daughter came from school, she met her at the door and plunged her into the wash-tub. Having cleansed the little girl, she then washed herself, and put on a better dress. "Well," she said, "av' reckon av' mun get the gentlemen's tay ready for him."

She put a clean cloth on the table, and got everything ready. Well, at quarter to six o'clock, John left his work. When he reached his cottage, he was quite surprised to find such a change in its outward appearance; so, opening the door, he cried out,

"What's up?" Just then the smiling face of his daughter caught his eye, and taking a leap right from the door into the room, he took her up in his arms and kissed her—a favour not bestowed for many weeks previous. Again he said, "Mary, what's up? are we gotten company?" Mary's face was turned towards the wall. Her temper was not yet gone,—she had not forgotten his threat. Seeing that Mary did not turn round to him, he went to her. He stood



THE HAPPY LITTLE VILLAGERS.

two children; and then, of course, he can't spend all the time at his Institute, he would be every night at his Club. You may depend upon it he goes to the Tap-room, or the Bar-parlour, and there he spends "the half pence that are left." And so the mischief is done; and Mrs. A. falls out with Mrs. B., and tells her "to mind her own business, and take care of her children, and mind her husband don't go to a public-house; she's lucky if she gets him home of a night, instead of going with Bill—and his wife once a week to the New Music Hall." Or else Mrs. A. keeps her tongue to herself and sets a watch on her husband's movements—jealousy and mistrust begin to burn, and are the forerunners of many bitter words and angry feelings, which rattle and canker their whole future life and home.

And so with Mary—and her young man, William, the carpenter. Some kind friend has told Mary that William was at the tea-meeting the other night, and Mary did not know it, and he walked home with Sarah and her brother. "Oh, yes, Mary, and if I were you I should look after William." Nothing in itself—a very little matter—yet see what it has kindled; William will not brook any interference. If Mary cannot trust him altogether, she need not at all, and so now they pass each other on the Sunday, and in the street in the evening after work is done; they, who used to be the best of friends, are now the coolest

there, and looked at her for a full minute without saying a word. He then said, "Bless thee, Mary, th' looks as pretty as th' did when we wor coortin' (courtin')—awy an' then thee a kiss this last three months, but awl give thee one nar." And sending the action to the word, he printed a loving kiss upon her dimple cheek.

"Whase aw for?" asked John.

"For thee," said Mary.

"Aw this for me! What aw this for me!"

"Ah! its aw for thee, nobody else."

"Well, Mary, if th' would' but keep thee like this, high happy as thou art, a kiss this last three months, we should be as happy—as ah! more happy than the king on th' queen."

This was the moment for Mary to seize. "Nar John (not Jack, as formerly), if th'all not go to th' Red Lion, aw'll keep this thee clean and tidy."

John was too glad to make a bargain. Suffice it to say, that since that time John has never entered any beer-shop, or even tasted intoxicating liquors. He has purchased over seventy volumes of standard works. He has one of the neatest and most comfortable of homes. His wife, after this day, was never allowed to go "a charing,"—she had speedily new dresses, with money saved by John's temperance and her care and thrift. Their low vulgarity of speech has been abandoned, and they now speak the Queen's English, for a pure language has been turned upon them. But the best of all, they are both endeavouring to work out their own salvation. "The voice of praise is heard instead of oaths and curses, and in them is the passage illustrated, 'Behold, what a good and pleasant thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'"

Reader, have you a drunken husband? Have you ever tried to make his home a home, to make it attractive? He may have many trials and vexations at his work. Have you used every endeavour to soften his trials—to reduce his load? If not, begin; you know not what mighty results may be accomplished by a word—a look—a deed. But you may have a happy home; try, then, to make others also happy. Remember that "a word in due season, how good it is."

"Then let us all remember well,
The benefits to our brothers;
We are not here for ourselves,
But to assist each other."

J. E. H.

NAUGHTY CHILDREN, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.—No. 1.

Or all the hard questions a poor man's wife has to answer, perhaps the three most puzzling ones are how to keep her husband from the public-house, how to avoid getting into debt, and how to manage her children.

It is the last-named which we will take for our present subject, and a most important one it is, for if mothers do not manage their children, the children will manage them. If they do not strive to train them for happiness and for God, the training will be taken out of their hands. Satan will train them, and their own evil inclinations will train them, and will draw them down to certain misery, if not to everlasting ruin. We would hope, however, that there are few mothers who have no desire to bring up their little ones rightly. On the contrary, they mean to begin some day; but they do not know exactly how to set about the matter; their heads are full of care, and their hands full of work, and so for the present they are contented just to let things take their course. Having no settled plan, they will indulge their children in wrong things one moment, and be angry with them the next for mere trifles.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with Tom," said Mrs. Lane the other day; "he is always getting into mischief, and do what I will I can't master him." And away she ran after the truant with a great stick in her hand, and contrived to reach the bottom of the steep bank, up which Tom, with a clean new pinafore, was climbing on both hands and knees, just as he gained the top and ran off in triumph. No wonder she could not master the boy. She had never learned to master herself. When she was angry she would beat him severely for small faults; when she was in a good humour, she would laugh at real wrong-doing; and the cunning stories which he invented to hide his faults were to her more a matter of amusement than of sorrow. She did not think about the right way of speaking, or acting towards him, but only of what was easiest and pleasantest to herself, and of course she will only have herself to thank if he turns out at last a wild, disobedient lad. Alas,

what a grievous thing that mothers should thus abuse their authority; that when Jesus says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," they should be the means of hindering them.

It is, we can well believe, no easy matter to bring up children rightly. It is not easy to provide for their bodily wants, and far more difficult is the care of their never-dying souls. But God is all sufficient to help, and if a mother will earnestly seek the aid of His Holy Spirit, He will surely give her, for there is not one command given us in the Bible but which there is a promise connected with it. Let us set ourselves to obey, and with the effort will come the power. The mother should not think that because she is "no scholar" she cannot bring up her children in the right way. What is wanted is not knowledge, half so much as a true and loving heart. There is no teaching that touches a child like the simple and homely lessons he learns at his mother's knee, provided that mother is in heart and soul a true disciple of the Saviour. Often have those hardened in sin and wickedness looked back to the days of their childhood, and (though they may have never since opened a Bible, or entered a church) remembered that their mother had told them of One who died that they might live, who ascended into heaven to give repentance and forgiveness of sins; and they have remembered these things to their soul's salvation.

Mothers, rely upon it, you have power over your children. God has given you authority and influence over them, which you may use either rightly or wrongly.

Your words, your actions, are all watched, eagerly watched, by the little beings which crowd around you. They notice every tone and every look. You cannot hide yourself from their searching eyes; and if they see you do what they know to be wrong, your actions will have but little effect on them. Your actions are what they will imitate. It is indeed an awful responsibility that rests upon parents, and it may well make those that are about to take upon themselves the duties of wives, tremble to think that their faults will almost certainly be carried down by their children from generation to generation. Dishonest parents—dishonest children; intemperate, ungodly fathers—drunken, irreligious, idle, disobedient mothers; lazy and slatternly daughters; for, as the seed, so must the harvest be. If you are not doing what in you lies to train your children for heaven, you are preparing them for the "Worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched."

Now, there are three things on your part which will help you to bring up your children well. These are firmness, kindness and truthfulness. But we will leave these points for future consideration.

THE TWO DREAMS.

"I am, I believe, about twenty-five years old. My mother said I was 'turned of five' when father died, and I know that the year he was buried I used to play a great deal in the churchyard. I had a tenderness about walking over the mound under which his remains lay; and one day I remember that I was terribly excited by seeing the sexton digging a grave next to his, and throwing the clay on my father's grave in a heap. The sexton was a kind old man, and when I rushed to him and cried, 'Stop! you daren't do that!' he patiently paused and said, 'What, child?'

"I'm sure I do," I exclaimed, 'don't cover it up; our father is under it!'

"Go away, your little goose, and don't be watching here," said Mr. Moore, 'there is no use in fretting now about what comes to his bones; they're gone, and you must just leave 'em to take chance. Spell me what is on the new headstone on the next tomb. Ain't the urn the mason put at the top pretty?'

"It was a pretty urn, and I was diverted from my grief by admiring it, but I could not spell the words that were cut under it. I had just learned figures, and I made out, 1, 8, 4, 5, slowly; that was all I could do.

"Very good, little 'un; now go to school and learn the rest," said the old man.

"When I have been passing that tomb since, it has occurred to my mind that when it was placed there, my father had never been buried; and, therefore, that date 1845 must be the year of his death. On this evidence, and on my mother's words, 'you were turned of five when your father died,' I say that I am now in my twenty-fifth year. I might be twice that length of time in the world, I know so

much, I know a great deal that very clever people have never heard of. I could surprise many knowledgeable folk, and tell most of them something that they had no notion of before. But I had best keep my information to myself; it would shock good people dreadfully, and had ones would say, 'what news!' to my most astonishing stories. The secrets that I mean are nothing but accounts of the way in which regular wicked people live. This uncommon knowledge of mine is just the full history of their doings. No one knows their ways but themselves, and I am one of them. I mean to be a regular wicked man; I mean by 'regular wicked people' those who have no other livelihood but what they get by crime. There are other sorts of bad men and women who only now and then do a wrong thing, and slip back again among regular good people, and stay quiet and easy, pretending to belong to them; but I am one of the lot which stays outside and never tries to get thought good. I never do anything for my bread but sin. Every day I live, all my provision comes to me by sin. I sin for food, I sin for clothes, and I sin for shelter. I sin for pleasure. I love sin. I have no happiness out of it. I have nothing else to do in the world. It is my habit and nature to do it; anything else would be out of my power.

"Leave off your wretched course of life, and come and live in the Refuge," ladies say to me, coming up to me in the open street.

"I am often accosted by women who loathe the very sight of me, and who have to struggle with their disgust at my presence to bring themselves within earshot of me. I can see their aversion to me as 'a vile creature,' and see also their anxiety to make me one of themselves. I do not wonder at them, because I have the same spirit in myself. I, also, have a desire in me to make others become like me, and I, too, would induce others to be the same as I am. This is true, I often feel like that, but now I am saying what I really feel. I long to pull others into the state in which I am, and the only feeling I have, which is different from that of the ladies who try to alter me, is that I have no dislike to go after those that I want to turn to sin. It gives us no trouble to try to bring them into the place where I live, and to go and talk to them, and tell them all the tales that may tempt them to come and stay with us; with us—away from all others. We don't want, and don't like anyone near us, nor with us, but those who belong to us, and are exactly of our peculiar nature.

"Now, we have a peculiar nature. This is one of the things that I understand, and which seems to be entirely unknown to those who talk and write about us, and work for our reformation. The ignorance of those who engage themselves in the effort to make us change, often surprises me. They have no more idea of what we really are than the born-blind babe of day-light.

"We are a separate, distinct sort of women, not to be classed up with the general set.

"Ours is a case of difference. We do not resemble the rest of the women of the world, who are not what we are. There are two kinds of women on earth; some who neither will nor can do as we do, and there are we, who neither will nor can do as the rest. Sometimes one of the others falls in among us by mistake, but she gets back. We never rise by any chance but we drop down again, too, as surely as she rises up. I am saying a hard word. Christians don't believe such strong opinions, but I hold them, for I know the facts of the matter. They are awful thoughts, no doubt, and seem to be contrary to the mercy of God; but they are not, and I have nothing to do with His mercy any more than the others. Why should there be mercy for me? I don't want mercy, if mercy means going to heaven. I should not like to go there, and it is mercy to let me go where I choose. I choose sin, and where sin is allowed I must go, and with sinners I will live now, and for ever. This is my true and sincere wish. Now, what do Christians want with me? They would be the better and the happier I suppose for my being added to their company, just as I should be to the gay and more triumphant for having brought more women into our set, and making it greater and gladder. This is the feeling that urges them, I dare say, for it is that which excites me. We shall struggle, then, together; each to have her own way: who for us all? Not God for me any way. He has long ago left such as me to myself. Christians say that we can be made fit for the kingdom of heaven. I don't believe it. Solemnly, it appears to me, no nonsense to say such a thing. I know nothing about the Bible. I know all about sin though."

The foregoing are as nearly as possible the words, and they appeared to be true the sentiments of a

young women whom I met in a prison. They were uttered on several occasions, and I have collected them into a speech. Her strong assertions, and serious, earnest conviction of their truth, used to take a great effect on me. I listened to her, shuddering lest she might be right. It occurred to me that, perhaps, the class to which she belonged may be parallel to the heathen, and permitted to live in our midst in illustration of the same Divine economy which deals with the world as a whole, and Christendom as a part, on the same principles. She puzzled me, until I thought of the Saviour, and "the woman that was a sinner."

She could not argue away the Magdalen, though, I confess, she staggered my faith in the efforts to draw her out of the snare. It takes Christ to do such work, and none but He, Reformatories without Him are powerless. Refuges without Him are mockery. With Him all things are possible. Harriet Walton shall not make me think that His arm is shortened. I know that He can, I believe that He will save her.

Successive conversations with Harriet seemed just idle words. I always left her unsatisfied with my own powers of vindicating the Gospel. She had the best of the argument, and was generally boastful.

"You see, madam, you can't upset me. There are lots of things about my sin that you don't understand. It is perfectly useless to talk to me. I won't change. It would be hell to me to live the way you wish. Where is the use of talking?"

"Where, indeed? I left her one day after a discussion of this sort, impressed that it was my duty not to visit her again. There was to my mind something degrading to the message of salvation in the way in which she treated it. I was utterly incapable of dealing with her. I felt impelled by a singular impulse to leave her to God, and to meddle no more.

There will be found some commentaries for the work of "I thought," "it is evidently not mine."

I saw Harriet in the street after her release from a long imprisonment for "robbery with violence;" she had a drunken face, soiled clothes, and was carrying a child. A babe in her polluted arms! I was horrified, and though she was drifting past me without recognition, I could not forbear putting my hand out, and stopping her:

"Harriet!"

She did not seem to remember me. I had had an idea that I must have made some impression on her; but, now, it was evident that none whatever was connected with my earnest address in her lone cell to—

However, that was a matter of no consequence at that moment; it was of the child I thought, and nothing else, just then.

"Is the little girl yours?" I said.

"Yes, she is—do you want her? I'll sell her, for I am fairly tired of supporting her."

"You cannot be serious, wretched mother; but lest you should do worse, come and let me try what I can do for the baby."

"Yes! I might do worse: there is no telling. I can't answer for myself. I could do anything!"

Of this I felt perfectly sure, and, therefore, gladly offered to take possession of the child.

Without hesitation I called a cab, and getting into it, I asked the abandoned woman to follow.

"Where, madam?"

"To find a home for your child."

"Oh, not I! She'll do a bit longer with me. You ladies want to get the whole settling of us into your hands, and to let us have no way of our own at all. I'll do what I like with my own child. No, ma'am, I won't give her up to you, nor to any other person." And she turned off, singing a ribald song—went down a court off the great thoroughfare, and I saw her no more.

"My heart felt like What," I groaned, "shall she not only choose hell for herself, but shall she force her child into it too?"

I could not forget Harriet Walton. As I increased my acquaintance with her class, I found her to be a true type of it. Her sentiments very fairly represented those that prevail in it. After a while she was not a singular being to my mind. I came to know a great many such people, men as well as women. They are truly the "dangerous classes," and there are various sorts of them. Harriet Walton is of the worst, most dangerous, and most hateful kind of all. Many of those who write and talk about those "dangerous" folk do not know them. It requires personal intercourse to have any idea of their villainies, and this is what few can attempt. When I speak of these *miserables*, I am told that they are so few in number, that it is not worth while making a stir about them. Are they numerically few? Who

can tell? One danger connected with them is, that they are not easily counted. Their "dangerousness" is not exactly that they increase to any enormous extent, but that they leave society with their poison. That they do so is not to be questioned. Victims to crime, who come to the forefront, and get the rewards of their deeds, under human institutions, do not multiply, perhaps; but victims that suffer the silent penalties of the divine law are thickening the air we breathe with foulness. Vice is enlarging its border, and entering even the pleasant places of our select, cultivated community. This cannot be denied: "Verily, a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

A few nights ago, I was preparing for bed, when there came a ring of the "servants' bell;" and knowing that my servants had retired to rest for some time, and that it was not probable that any of them were awake, I went to reply to the summons. I opened the hall-door, no one was there, and I was about to shut it rather angrily at being the subject of a run-away ringer, when I saw that there was something at the area-gate. I spoke to it, and no answer came. I called, with similar effect. There was no policeman in view. At last, I went down the steps and approached it. The dark mass rose up. It was a woman. When she stood up, the gas fell on her features; they were ghastly white. It was Harriet Walton!

"Oh, have I found you, madam? I did not know it was your bell," I pulled *any* bell to my misery, but God led me right.

"Come in, come in!" I said; "how did *He* find you? She is perfectly understood who I meant by "*He*."

"The Shepherd sought His sheep, the Father sought His child."

I knew it was the lost one found. I placed her on a chair in my study; but she declined the honour of sitting in my presence; and in deep and painful humility stood before me. Her face had a terrified expression, and she seemed to be in fear of me as well as of an invisible Presence. I spoke reassuringly to her; and she scarcely appeared to hear me. Her eyes searched mine with awful earnestness.

"Do you forgive me? Can *He* forgive me?"

"He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" you know, I often told you so," I said.

"Oh, did you, ma'am? I don't remember a single word you ever said to me; but I know how you came patiently, and listened to me, and I recollect all the bad things I said to you."

"Don't talk of them, tell me what you feel now," I requested.

"That I cannot, madam; but I must tell you what has happened. The child took sick with a woman to whom I gave it in care. She sent for me; but it was dying. I was so mad, so sorry, so frantic for leaving it, for trusting her, blaming myself most, but determined to be revenged on her, I struck her. We fought for minutes, and I fell down beside my baby. It was dead. I lay there I don't know how long. I was stupefied by blows, grief, remorse, fear; and, I can't tell how it happened, but the room got suddenly filled with a silver light, and I saw, by that light, a picture which I must describe to you. There was a great river, and I was in it swimming after my child, which was floating away with its face towards the sky, and a sweet little smile on its darling lips; but I was straining, and pushing, trying to reach it, and pull it back. Then I felt that I was in the stream, and that I was sinking, and that the water was stifling me, and, just then, a hand caught me, and, oh, I was so glad! It raised my head, and a voice said, 'Come unto me, ye weary and heavy laden' (did you ever say that to me, ma'am?) and I looked up, and it was your face I saw bending over me; and then I woke, and rushed out, and here I am! Now, indeed, I am weary, slow, and sore at rest."

I saw that bodily and spiritually she was weary; but I had become so doubtful of all such people, that I began to think that her physical nature was that which chiefly claimed attention. "You shall go to an Hospital," I said, "and I will shelter you until morning."

She was docile as an infant now. I led her to a little room in which there were some spare pieces of furniture, and among them an old couch; on it I made her comfortable, gave her some refreshment, which had been placed for my supper, and left her to herself. She could not eat, and I tried to prevent her from speaking and exhausting her strength, which seemed to be very small; and I was also anxious to make her feel that I could not come between her and her Saviour.

"I cannot pray," she cried.

"Well, do not try, only 'believe,' just trust that

there is love, and pardon, and mercy for you. Do nothing say nothing. Jesus did all for you. Tell Him what you feel now. He will understand you. He came to bring salvation to sinners."

"Not to bring salve."

"Yes, to the woman taken in adultery—to the woman of the city—to the thief—to Saul a murderer—to the worst, the vilest, to drunkards, and to every sort of wicked person."

She wept as I repeated—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

These tears had no conviction in them for me. I had seen them too often without any saving effect being produced, that I was case-hardened. I hoped, but had no certainty, of real conversion to God.

In the morning, I took her to — Hospital. She was in a worse state of health than I had thought.

"Poor wretch, she can't hold long," said the house-surgeon.

I saw her daily for a fortnight, and truly her contrition was abundantly evidenced. Great peace followed; the bitterness departed from her speech, and in its stead her "month was filled with the praises of the Lord."

"Oh, what sinful folly I once talked to you, madam! Can you ever forget it? No wonder you left me to myself; but He did not forsake me. I used to boast to you that I knew wonderful things about sin; now I know the greatest mystery in the universe. Oh, it is a very curious thing—something that very few can come to know and feel exactly proved to themselves, although they may hear of it and believe it. It is a strange, marvellous, extraordinary thing! It was revealed to me last night on my bed. I had another dream—such a beautiful one, and you were in it again. You always are now, and this dream explains why you appear in all my dreams."

A heavenly smile passed across her countenance like an illumination. A bright thought was gleaming from her unnaturally brilliant eye.

"What was the mystery?" I asked.

"Oh, my dream tells it. I'm sure it's true! I'll tell it to you, and do you tell it to all those who work for the Saviour."

"It was very light—so light that I was dazzled, but He was there, and we can always see him in any light; and He smiled at us as you were trying to get me out of an awful pit, and you could not lift me, and you turned (oh, so grieved!) away. But where your fingers had touched me there was left a spot of light. It was the end of a ray which had passed from you into me, and it could not go away, for it was fixed like an immovable bar of solid gold. It pierced me, though you did not see, and I did not feel, and the shining thing came direct from His hand, and could never be broken nor turned aside. It was part of himself that had come upon me, and from it I never could be plucked. So that is how I was drawn to him through you, madam."

The beauty and truth of this image struck me powerfully. It was indeed a revelation made to her, and I glorified Him who sometimes "hides such things from the wise and prudent, and reveals them unto babes."

"I shall not forget this new secret, Harriet; the old ones are quite passed away—all things have become new with regard to you."

She smiled, and I left her in the expectation of seeing her on the morrow. It came, and I visited her bed, but she was gone to see the light of which she had so happily drawn, and in which I shall one day meet her, and the babe which was rescued from her sinful maternity.

[This excellent Tract is published by Messrs. Jackson, Walton, & Co., at 7s. per 100. It is reprinted here by permission, and we trust, by the large circulation we are giving it, that we may be the humble means, under God's blessing, of bringing the excellent warning it conveys before those who may be deeply steeped in clay and crime, even as poor Harriet Walton was before her conversion.]

FORGIVENESS AND FORBEARANCE.—If we can forgive when we have been deeply wronged; if we can act with goodness and meekness when pursued with rancor and injustice, malignity and hate; if we can forbear retaliation, and desire only to do good when we are assailed by others with all the evil artillery in their power, our virtue must be of a heavenly kind. It is hardly possible for human nature to exhibit so much perfection. The world has only seen one example of it, in Him—whose birth recalls to mind the manger of the inn; and his death, "the lance of the soldier, and the nails of the cross."

THE TROUBLES OF THIS LIFE, AND HOW TO BEAR THEM. PART I.

This is a troublesome world. There is no denying it, and there is no escape from trouble, either for rich or poor; but the mistake that many people make is, that they fancy their own troubles are so very much worse than any body's else. Hard to say that we work and struggle hard to earn a livelihood for ourselves and our families, are apt to think that if they could have that care removed,—if they were as such or such an one, they would be happy; whereas, if they could really look into the heart of the person whose lot they are envying, they would very likely see there some hidden sorrow, which is crushing and weighing down the spirit and turning into bitterness even the very springs of joy.

Riches do not make people happy. So far from it, they bring with them many cares and anxieties, and often prove a snare to draw away the heart from Him who alone can give peace and happiness.

I can well believe, my poorer friends, that you have many heavy trials to bear, and that when you see others in the enjoyment of ease and plenty, while you are in want of even the very necessities of life, hard and bitter thoughts will come to your minds, and you are tempted to say in your hearts that God has forgotten you. But remember, such thoughts are sinful thoughts, for to find fault with our position in life is to find fault with God Himself, who has appointed it for us, and who knows what is good for us far better than we do ourselves.

This was the way at one time with old Peggy Rudge. She had had much to try her in her younger days, and it seemed as if she thought that this had given her a right to grumble all her life long.

Among her suitors and matches, she had had three pairs of spectacles, and one would think that she must have been in the habit of putting them all on together when she seated herself in her arm chair by the fire to contemplate her sorrows; but, not contented with bringing the old far-off troubles near, she at times magnified them so, that they looked positively frightful, and when she had done rehearsing all that she could remember of the past, she would add the grievances of the day then present, so all that were likely to come upon her the following day,—the day after that and so on,—till at last her list grew as long as the row of plates on her kitchen shelf.

I suppose old Cross Patch (for I am sorry to say that was the name the boys in the village used to give her) looked upon her troubles as a sort of stock in trade, which were to bring her in so much help and sympathy; but, by being exposed so much, her goods at last became the worse for wear, and people grew tired of her and her troubles together.

Indeed, if anyone did go to see her, however the conversation might begin, old Peggy always contrived to steer it into this channel, and generally wound up with saying, that "she couldn't think why she should be punished more than anybody else, but it was plain she was born to be miserable."

She might, probably, have gone on grumbling to the end of her days, only for the following occurrence. One frosty morning as she was going to Mr. Simpkin's, the baker, for a loaf of bread, she happened to fall down and break her arm. "How could this help her?" you will say. "Surely, it would only make her repine still more." It was in this way. It brought her in much sympathy and kindness from her friends and neighbours, and this somewhat softened her heart. But better than any kindness to the body, Jane Simpkins, the baker's daughter (although she had her hands full of work at home), found time, by dint of a little extra exertion, to get up half-an-hour earlier, to go and read to the old woman out of the Bible almost every evening. And then Peggy, who was almost the first time in her life (for, sad to say, though living within sound of the church bells, she was almost a heathen), heard that wonderful story—old, yet ever new when it comes with power to the prepared heart of the sinner—of how the Son of God left the realms of glory and happiness, and came into this lower world, to live a life of poverty, reproach and suffering; how, in His tender pity, He poured out His life's blood to redeem the utterly lost from destruction, and open to them an entrance into the mansions of everlasting happiness.

It was long before Peggy could understand that this good news was really meant for her,—long before she could realize the joyful truth that she herself was an object of the loving care and compassion of her Saviour. She had been so long in the habit of bugging her griefs, that she was very slow to part with them, but at last the time came when she was able to say from her heart, "Lord, I believe,"—and

then how light all her burden of worldly care seemed to her! But what sorrowful thoughts came into her mind when she considered all the sins she had past life. For whereas before, she would have thought herself extremely ill used if anybody had called her a sinner, when she never "stole or did anybody any harm," now her eyes were opened, and she saw that her whole life had been a life of rebellion and alienation from God.

That she should have had so many comforts and mercies, when she deserved nothing but eternal punishment; that her Saviour should not have had where to lay His head, and that she should have murmured because her house was cold and mean; that she should have friends to minister to her in her pain, when Jesus trod the wine-press alone, and all men forsake Him in His hour of bitter agony,—when she thought of all this, she saw in all its guilt the blackness of her ingratitude, and the burden of her sins seemed indeed intolerable. Yet, even this heavy burden she was enabled at length to cast at the foot of the cross, and henceforward to go on her way rejoicing.

Her troubles were just the same as they had ever been, but she had learned the true secret of how to bear them.

Now, dear reader, whatever may be your burden (and we will consider the different kinds of troubles some other time), the same way of deliverance is open to you; and if, in humble faith, you, too, bring your cares to Jesus, you may be a sinner in the same way, yet you will find the heart of old Peggy with joy and peace, and put a new song into her mouth, even the song of praise and thanksgiving.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

CONSUMPTION, AND DISEASES MISTAKEN FOR IT. By Edwin Payne, M.D. Consumption is a very fatal disease, is unquestionably more common and more fatal amongst us than any other people, and so terrible are its ravages that we stand aghast at its first approach, and yield the victim too often without a struggle to the dread comer. It is often said there is no cure for consumption, all that can be done is to palliate the sufferings, and smooth the way of the sick person to the grave. This dogma of the incurability of consumption is *fatally false*; and the thanks—nay, the blessings of thousands, are due to those medical practitioners who did their best to guard society against this false idea. The *termination of consumption need not be death*. In an able pamphlet written by Dr. Payne, the whole subject of consumption is fairly considered, and in three popular chapters the ordinary reader is informed of all that he needs to know about the matter. First of all Dr. Payne points out many are the conditions of body which are confounded with consumption. Wasting and cough, shortness of breath and palpitation, paleness, lassitude, spitting of blood, all may occur, yet there be no real consumption. In a second chapter the writer enters on the essential causes of consumption, furnishing a remarkably clever descriptive sketch of the lungs; lastly, he deals with the curability of the disease, and this is the most interesting, as well as the most important portion of his work. We strongly recommend this little book to the notice of our readers. It cannot be too widely known.

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* London: Rendall and Co., Strand.

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